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After The End



apocalypse

endoftheworld

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Chapter 1 by Jay Strider

One night, I had a dream.

But it wasn't just any dream...

It wasn't a dream like most people have, at least... I don't think so.

You see, I had a dream.

A dream that the world was ending.

Or rather, that it *HAD* ended, but it wasn't gone yet. Just... kind of existing, after-the-fact. It was dark, not dark like at night, exactly, but... dark.

The sky faded from dark greys to a greenish color, then finally at the horizon a yellow-hued atmosphere seemed to bleed from the edge of the world.

There was no sun, not that I could see, but the moon hung a dark, rusty orange in the air.

There were no people. Not only could I not see them, but I could not feel them.

To be honest, I don't even think /was there.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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